

An O. Henry Story THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT

I AM the richer by the acquaintance of four newspaper men. Sixty, they are my encyclopedias, friends, mentors, and sometimes bankers. But now and then it happens that all of them will pitch upon the same prize-worthy incident of passing earthly panorama and will send in reportorial constructions thereof in their respective journals. It is then that, for me, it is to laugh. For it seems that to each of them, trained and skilled as they may be, the same occurrence presents a different facet of the cut diamond of life.

Now the discrepancies in these registrations of the day's doings need do no one hurt. Surely, one newspaper is enough for any man to prop against his morning water-bottle and read the smiling hatreds of his wife's glance. If he be foolish enough to read four he is no wiser than a Higher Critic.

I remember (probably as well as you) the Black Hand Societies in the twenties. A prominent citizen, about to journey into a far country, first hands over to his servants his goods. To one he gives five talents; to another, two; to another, a mite. And in the morning he finds there are two versions of this parable.

There are worse crimes than craps shooting. The noise comes from the bone rollers make and the noise the cops make before and after a raid, you would think that the town was being chewed up in little pieces. A policeman Messer, of the First Precinct, had a pair of ears. He heard a noise that reminded him of a dice factory, and called in and arrested George Craig and charged him with permitting a craps game in his room.

After this little trouble one would think that Craig was in for something awful, but fortunately he was brought before a judge who understands human nature. After fining Craig \$10, Judge Harrison remarked that he never yet had seen a man who got together with a bunch of boys and got together without it being his name or something like it. Therefore did not consider it a terrible crime.

One day James Brown was feeling extra good. Probably he felt like wrapping Jack Johnson around his little finger and then throwing him in the ashcan. A lady named Amelia and James Bowman and an argument started in the old-fashioned manner. So it was said. Someone left an empty milk bottle lying around and James spotted it.

Young man, if making money is the extent of your ambition, get a job in the mint. It probably won't make much difference to Columbia whether we call it black or blue money. A casual study of the world's affairs convinces one that scraps are useless except for the making of cash.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling?

WHEN YOUR BOSS DICTATES AN ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT LETTER, GIVING IT A GREAT DEAL OF THOUGHT. AND YOU HAMMER IT OUT ON THE MACHINE AN HOUR OR TWO LATER. AND YOU COMPLACENTLY PUT IT IN THE BASKET FOR OUTGOING MAIL WITH SOME OTHER LETTERS. AND AS YOU CONTINUE SOME OTHER WORK THE BOSS COMES RUSHING TO YOU SHOUTING: 'DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE MAILED THAT LETTER TO SMITH & CO. YET!' AND YOU BOTH BURROW AROUND IN THE BASKET LOOKING FOR THAT LETTER. AND AT LAST YOU FIND IT AND HAND IT TO HIM: 'OH-H-H-H! HUH! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS FEELING?'

New York City Day By Day

NEW YORK, April 15.—It looks as if Broadway was facing a real drought. The entrance of the police into the prohibition enforcement tangle has put goose-flesh on the cabaret and table d'hote proprietors. They are white-faced and stunned. The bootlegger is said to have been arrested in an eye-dropper for prominent pills are dangerous. Scores have been arrested for carrying hooch on the hip.

They are going after drink violators roughshod. Broadway, ever cynical, says it is only a plot to make people so disgusted with prohibition that they will "do something" by Broadway in one day. The public is appearing in the streets, but outside of writing to the newspapers, are submitting calmly to what they call "indignities." And they make bold threats to leave New York and live in Bermuda, Cuba, or even go to European countries.

conveyed by prodding elbows and growls of one-sided introduction. Upon Charley, one of the bartenders, both fame and fortune descended simultaneously. He had once been honored by shaking hands with the great Delano at a Seventh Avenue boxing bout. So with lungs of brass he now cried: "Hallo, Del, old man; what'll it be?"

Del Delano retired within his overcoat and hat. In two minutes he emerged and turned his left side to Mac. Then he spoke. "I'd be shine for you, kid, like a baby hippopotamus trying to side-step a job from a hummingbird. And you hold yourself like a truck driver having his picture taken in a Third Avenue billiard gallery. And you haven't got any method or style. And your knees are about as limber as a couple of Yale pass-keys. And you strike the eye as weighing, let me say, 450 pounds while you work like a cat." "MacGowan," said the humbled amateur, "MacGowan."

Deductions of Harvey Hunt

When Goldsmid was murdered in the bath-tub of an isolated house, the man and woman who killed him carried the body away from the house unscathed; buried the man's body, and finally flushed the bath-tub for several hours. Everything seemed safe to them, but their carefully-laid plans were wrecked by one minor fact that resulted in their undoing.

Can you tell why Harvey Hunt was NOT GUILTY.

"The man had been deliberately poisoned. There was no doubt about that," Dr. Norwalk was saying. "Those symptoms could only have come from the one drug, and that was a drug which I was not before I found an East-Sider, or any other Flathead or Hackensawer, a shadowy kind of butters. I'll say that Friday Rollins is present on that Juny night; and if he do not climb over the footlights and offer you fifty a week as a starter, I'll take you to the cops."

Such and such a prima donna (they will tell you) made her initial bow to the public while turning handspikes on an amateur night. In his rooms in the King Clove Hotel, Del Delano put on a sclet coat bordered with bold braid and set out Apollinaris and a box of sweet crackers.

Mac's eye wandered. "Drink and tobacco may be all right for a man who makes his living with his hands; but they won't do if you're depending on your head or your feet. If one end of you gets tangled, the other end will be a mess of cigars and picture painters. But you're got to get 'em out if you want to do mental or pedal work. Now, have a cracker, and then we'll talk some."

"One moment," interrupted Del Delano. "I've been thinking. I said you couldn't dance. Well, that wasn't quite right. You've only got two or three bad tricks in your method. You're handy with your feet, and you belong at the top, where I am. I'll put the boards under you, and you'll be shine for me, kid, and you'll be shine for me, kid, and you'll be shine for me, kid."

"Page of manuscript missing here," among the wings with his patron, the great Del Delano. For whatever footlights' shone in the freedom of their unshaded side was Del's. And if he should take up an amateur night, he would be a star. "I offer, sure of your acquiescence, that we now foreshadow hypocritical philosophy and bigoted comment, permitting the story to finish itself in the dress of material allegations—a media, my worthy, when held to the line, than the most laborious creations of the word-milliners."

Morning Judge! BY RUDOLPH PERKINS

George Did It! \$10. There are worse crimes than craps shooting.

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Horoscope For Today. SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1921. The Sun is in an aspect today which is favorable to the inhabitants of earth, according to astrology.